

THE *Geo. Steevens.*
N I G H T-
R A V E N.

By S. R.



*All those whose deeds doe shun the Light,
Are my companions in the Night.*

L O N D O N,
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This very copy of this rare Tract sold at the sale of the
Library of the late George Stevens Esq.^r for Eight shillings
and six pence — see priced Catalogue p. 64. N^o 1071.





THE NIGHT RAVEN.

Although the Owle, and I, a custome keepe,
To flye abroad, when other Birds doe sleepe,
Changing our course from those of other
Yet do not we consort a nights together. (feather,
I haunt not barnes, for either Mouse or Rat,
As doth the searching two-foote flying Cat,
Nor into bushes after birds to pry,
Ther's diff'rence t'wixt that deuills face and I:
For secret things, being of another kinde,
In obscure darknesse, I apparant finde
Those euill actions that avoyde the Sunne,
And by the light of day are neuer done,
But lurke in corners, from disclosing eyes,
Not daring open view in any wise:
Those most familer are made knowne to me,
I take a notice who, and where they be,
Drunkards that drinke vntill they cannot speake,
Villains and Theeues, that into houses breake
Whores and Whoremongers trading for the Pox,
And reeling Watch-men, carrying Rogues to Stox,





The Night-Rauen.

With many knauish matters that befall
Which, turn and read, and you shall know them all,
I neither tattle with *Iack-daw*,
Or *Maggot-pye* on thatch'd house straw,
Nor with your hopping cage birds sing,
Nor cuckow it about the spring:
Or like your Blacke-bird, Thrush, and Stare
Whissell in cages, for good fare:
Or cackell with your scraping Hens,
Nor hisse with Geese, (that finde you pens)
Or like your durty Ducks doe quacke,
That in the water, water lacke,
Nor crow as doth your dung-hill cocke,
Clowne almanacke, and Shepherds clocke,
Or prate as greene-coate Parrot doth,
Like an old-wife, with ne're a tooth,
Nor mourne like Pigeons fed with pease:
I am consort for none of these.
My watchfull eyes awake I keepe,
When all such idle creatures sleepe.
Were I not blacke, as all crows be,
I should euen blush, at things I see.

Three





The Night-Rauen.

Three fearefull Theeues.

A Gentleman, lying awake in's bed,
Hauing good Christian motions in his head,
How he had spent the day, worfe then he should,
Omitting to performe the good he would,
Committing those things which he ought not doe,
As Sathan, World, and Flesh, did vrge him to.
Vnder his lodging very close and neare,
A conference twixt certaine theeues did heare.
Quoth one of them, my counsell pray imbrace,
Let's breake in heere, this is the weakest place.
No said another, I doe doubt we shall
Finde this so strong, that heer's a double wall.
Then quoth the third, breake out the iron barrs
For too long lingring all our businesse marrs:
We must not onely heere this night abide,
For we haue houses to attempt beside.
The Gentleman vnto the window goes,
And thus he spake, vnto his theeuing foes;
My friends (quoth he) forbear this quoyle to keep,
And come anon, I am not yet a sleepe.
When they heard this, away with feare they fled,
And he securely, did returne to bed.





The Night-Rauen.

A Rogue in the Stockes.

A Base rude rascall of the Roguish crew,
For misdemeanors that by him there grew,
Set by the heeles (according to desert)
Made himselfe merry with this knauish part:
The night obscure, as darke as night could be,
Hearing one come, *Stand, who goes there?* quoth he:
The fellow (seeing neither watch nor bill)
Reply'd an honest man, that meanes no ill :
Sirra (quoth he) I heere protest and sweare
As I am Constable, step one foote neare ;
And in the stocks thou shalt till morning sit,
Or I my selfe, will for thee furnish it,
The fellow backe againe his course did take,
With all the hast that both his legs could make,
Supposing t'was some Constable in's rage,
Whose fury was no lesse, then stocks or cage.

An





The Night-Rauen.

An Apology for Women.

THer's an abuse which comes vnto my mind,
Vniust imposed vpon women kind,
When men haue done things that distastfull be,
And that their words from actions disagree,
In saying one thing, doing of another,
A speech is vs'd their guiltinesse to smother,
Sure he's a man would haue perform'd the same,
But the night Rauen is in all the blame.
Casting the cause by slaunder on the wife,
When she (good soule) is of a virtuous life,
That from his word she no way could be perswade,
Although rash promise had been made.
Therefore kinde harted men
Term them no more night-harts
True harted Turtles, constant
Mylder then men, and of lesse
More pittifull, and more com-
Lesse enuious and lesse posses-
And of themselues so rare per-
Not prouing bad, till bad men





The Night-Rauen.

A night Swaggerer.

TELL me the Watch is set! why th'art an asse!
What Constable dare say I shall not passe?
Who euer bids me stand, ile make him lye,
And cut his watchmen out like steakes to frye.
I am a gentleman in three degrees,
And for three worlds my tytles ile not leese:
A gentleman by true discent of blood,
My auncient stocke, was long before the flood.
Then for my schollership a gentleman,
Both reade and w^{rit} and cast a count I can.
Then third degree of gentleman I clayme
Is my profession
souldiers name,
oke but
nicle for eighty eight,
you haue me straight.
that I will stand in feare,
asking *who goes there?*
and will beare sway,
be not so by day,
ld it best,
use I feare arrest.

Fashions





The Night-Rauen.

Fashions, out at the elbows.

TAylor, I take thy want of manners ill,
Dost come to supper to me, with thy bill?
Hast thou no time, but come at candle light?
Or dost thou feare I meane to vanish quite?
My choiler tells thee, th'art a botching slaue,
Thy Iourny-man, a very pricklowse knaue.
My Sattin-sute is most malignant made;
Goe burne thy bill, and so resolue th'art pay'd:
And cutter-out thinke y'are a happy man
To scape my fury thus, sirrah I can,
Arest you for the spoyling of my stuffe,
And yet that action shall not be enough,
I haue at least seuerall nine or ten
To teach a knaue, how he wrongs gentlemen:
As making it according to French-nation,
When I should haue it of the Spanish-fashion.
Then bringing it in *Iune* home, past your day,
When I should had it seene at court it *May*.
Then for two lice (I will be sworne I found)
Vpon my Pickadilly, creeping round,
But since th'art poore, I some compassion taking
Will punish thee, with, *nothing for the making.*

B

The





The Night-Rauen.

The Roaring-boy, and his Punke.

P*Vnck* I lacke money, how hast thriu'd to day?
To morrow I haue layd a plot will pay,
And strap thou shalt haue interest to boote,
Count me a villaine if I faile to door.
A pox vpon thee, roaring rogue (quoth she)
When we should get I wonder where you be:
Heere was a city-young-man, by this token,
Search you the purse, a pretty youth well spoken,
And sayes on thursday heele be heere againe,
With him let me alone, I haue his vayne:
But I lack'd you to swagger with a gull,
A gallant that had crownes his pockets full,
A shame light on thee, hadst thou then come in
And curst, and swore thou hadst my husband bin,
The fearefull slaue, would willingly compound,
Rather then in a budy house be found,
Be heere on monday-night in any case,
I shall haue an *Italian* then in chase,
Besides a *Dutch-man* comes to try a Punke
Swagger it brauely then, be soundly drunke.

The





The Night-Rauen.

The Gull, and the Domineering Constable.

S Irra, what are you? where's your dwelling place?
Sirs bring the Lanthorne, let me see his face.
Doeſt know him Beadle? Surely ſir not I.
Ant pleaſe your worſhip I doe lodge hereby,
I haue bin forth at ſupper with a friend.
Tell me of ſupper, tut a puddings end
You kiſſe the Counter ſirra that is flat,
He teach you know my place deſerues a hat.
Ant pleaſe your worſhip, I confeſſe it doth
But pardon me, my head's not well in ſooth.
You thinke all howres of the night to march
Be cauſe y' are in your yellow cloſe-ſtoole ſtarch.
Haſt not *Tabacco*, and a tynder box?
The knaue may fire the towne, haue him to ſtocks.
Pleaſe your good worſhip not a Pipe I haue.
Doſt thinke I ſit heere to keepe ſheepe thou knaue?
No ſir, with reuerent magiſtrates I match
Your worſhip, and the gentlemen, your watch,
Well ſirra ſince your duty doth appeare,
I am content, this time you ſhall goe cleere.
Depart in peace, and play no knauish pranckes,
I giue your worſhips all, moſt humble thanks.

B 2

Terrible





The Night-Rauen.

Terrible news, for Taber and Pipe.

AN odd companion, walking vp and downe,
To pipe a liuing out from towne to towne:
Being at a Wedding busie at his play,
Forgetting daunger of his tedious way,
Belated was, yet be it ill or good,
He did resolute to wander through a wood.
And as he went with knap-sacke full of scrapps,
And Taber at his backe, by fortune happs
That he farre off by Moone-light chanced to see,
A cruell Beare, which forc'd him take a tree,
The beast, with sodaine speed came feircely too't
And fell to scrape and scratch about the roote.
Poore Taborer so scar'd was with the Beare,
He sweate and trembled, in a stinking feare.
At length he thought vpon his wedding scraps
And threw them to the Beare, to fill his chaps.
Who for the time from mining did refraine;
But eating all, fell hard to worke againe.
Oh now (quoth he) I haue no hope at all,
The tree begins to shake, and I must fall,
Adew my friends this Beare will me deuouer,
Yet as a farewell at my dying hower,

Euen





The Night-Rauen.

Terrible news for Tabber and Pipe.

Euen in dispight of *Paris-garden* foes
He haue a fit, as hard as this world goes,
And so betakes him, to his Pipe and Tabor,
And doth them both, so sound and braue belabor,
The Beare amazed from his scratching runs
As if at's breech had bin a peale of guns,
Which when the Taborer with ioy did see,
Well Beare (he said) if this your humor be,
Would I had knowne to vse the charming feate,
You should haue daunc'd, before you had my meate
So downe he comes, and without longer staying,
Therow the wood goes homeward, al night playing;
Then sends for all his friends, that they may heare
The story of the Piper and the Beare,
Vowing his *Tabor* was more deere to him,
Then was *Arions* harpe, when he did swim
Vpon the *Dolphins* backe, most safe a shore,
And that same Instrument for euer-more
As monument, vnto *Tompipers* race,
Should show his valour, and the *Beares* disgrace.





The Night-Rauen.

To all slothfull Seruants.

I Often in the night (as I doe flye)
See burning houses flaming to the skye,
At which most dreadfull accidents that fall,
A sodaine terrour terrifieth all,
People amazed crying fire, fire,
And in perplexed manner helpe require
Some in their beds consum'd to ashes quite,
And some for ever franticke with the fright,
Some wealthy men at setting of the Sunne,
And ere the rising, beggers cleane vndone.
And when that people seriously inquire,
How all this great misfortune comes by fire;
The common answere is, (and tis too true)
Most slothfull seruants, it is long of you,
You that no care doe in your callings take,
Nor christian conscience of your waies doe make,
To looke vnto your fire and your light;
Of which in duty you haue ouer-sight,
But slight the danger that to other growes
Because your selues haue nothing for to loose;
Assure you this, a carelesse queane or knaue,
Euen such as they haue bin, shall seruants haue.

A





The Night-Rauen.

A wicked Wife.

IN darkeſome ſhade of melancholy night,
There did appeere to one, a walking ſprite,
Which put him in a fearefull fit to ſee,
At length vnto *Hobgoblin* thus ſaid he,
If thou belong to God, and beare good mind,
Thou wilt not vſe me cruell and vnkind,
Be cauſe no hurtfull things to him belong,
That will doe vs (poore humane creatures) wrong,
But if thou doſt pertaine vnto the Deuill,
Yet for his ſake forbear to doe me euill,
For I haue married late, a lumpe of ſin,
VWhich is his ſiſter, therefore pray for kin
That is betweene the diuell and my wife,
Affright me not with feare of limbe, or life.
Haſt thou (quoth he) nay then if it be ſo,
I will not vrge thee vnto further woe:
A wicked wife, croſſe vpon croſſe begins,
She's plague enough, to plague thee for thy ſins.





The Night-Rauen.

A wounded Drunkard.

A Drunkard, (whom the cup did tardy catch)
Came very late a reeling through the watch,
Who cald him with the common *who goes there?*
But he in staggers would not seeme heare,
The Constable, (with drowfie Bill-men mand)
Said sirrah, in the Kings name looke you stand.
What rebell knaue (quoth he) wilt not obay?
So looking by their Lanthorne, downe he lay
And to the watchmen, holding vp his hand,
Said now I charge you all to help me stand,
Or else in sober sadnesse, (you fox getters,)
Ile make you answere it before your betters,
Marke what I say, for now I charge you all,
To make me stand, and looke I doe not fall.
With that they got him on his legs and staid him,
Saying heer's the Constable, you disobay'd him,
And were it not for shame, (base drunken clowne)
We would (as we may lawfull) knocke thee downe.
With that he fell vnto the ground againe
And cry'd out murder, murder, I am flaine,
My scull is cleft, they haue put out mine eyes,
And cut off both my legs, Hostes, *Dick dyes.*

Like





The Night-Rauen.

Like Mistris like Maide.

S*usan*, would meete with *Richard* and with *Ned*,
Assoone as ere her mistris was a bed,
For a Sack-poffet they agree'd to eate,
And she besides would haue a bit of meate,
And to be merry, that they would in sadnesse.
But euen about the time of mirth and gladnesse,
When both the young-men were bestow'd within,
One that had long her mistris louer bin,
Knocks at the doore, whereat her selfe came downe
(As loose of body as she was of gowne)
And in the darke put Letcher in the roome,
Where both the youths attend till *Susan* come,
Who in meane time to light a candle went,
So did her mistris for the same intent,
And meeting with her maide, oh strange (quoth she)
What cause haue you at this time heere to be?
Mistris (quoth she) vnto you ile be true,
There's two as honest youths as ere I knew,
Came late to see me, (pray you be content)
Wench this may be (saide she) and no hurt ment,

C

For

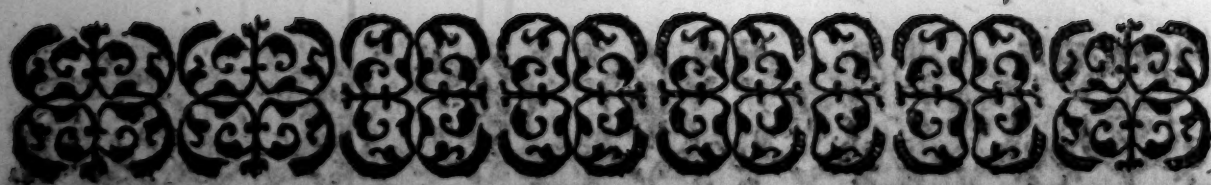




The Night-Rauen.

Like Mistris like Maide.

For there's an honest man, to make them three,
That came in kindnesse for to viset me,
Good *Susan* be as secret as you can,
Your master is foolish lealous man,
Though thou and I, doe meane no hurt or ill,
Yet men take women in the worst sense still,
And feare of hornes, more grieve in harts hath bred
Then wearing hornes doth hurt a cuckolds head.





The Night-Rauen.

A Shifters Rifling.

Most louing friends on Thursday next at night
One master *Needy*, kindly doth inuite
Some foure or three score gallants (at the least)
To rife for his Nag, a passing beast,
That he indeed did borrow of a friend,
But being come vnto his iournies end,
And finding it is no good husbands way,
To be at horse expence for oates and hay,
Which idle stands and pampers in the stable,
Besides himsele vnwilling, purse vnable,
To be at further charges with the lade,
Will rife him, his friend can be but paied
As they shall afterwards agree of price,
When he his horse-play hath perform'd at dice.
Each a *Iacobus*, come in any wile,
His whole estate, vpon the bu'snesse lies,
His money wants and patience now perforce
Depends vpon the credit of this horse,
Fayle not his rifeling therefore but come too't
Or you ore-throw a gallant horse and foote.





The Night-Rauen.

Quarell vpon debate.

TWo chanc'd to fall at some dissention late,
And waxing weary of their fond debate
VWherein (like fooles) law-money might be spent,
Agree'd to put it to arbitrement,
Each of an honest friend did make his choyse,
And bound themselves to their awarding voyce,
The arbitrators met to end the Iar,
And argu'd matters in a heate so far, (delt,
That knaue, and knaue betweene them both was
And so from words, the force of fists they felt,
Their noses bled, their eies were blacke and blew,
As feirce a buffet fray, as ere you knew.
At length those twain they met for to make friends,
Came in, to heare their matter how it ends,
And what award they did intend to make.
Quoth th'arbitrators; Masters for your sake,
VVe met together, your debates to smother,
And very soundly we haue beate each other,
Now as your selues meane to be delt withall,
Take vp our matter, ere we end your brall,
VVe two that came your quarells to discusse,
Doe now want two to cese debate for vs.

He





The Night-Rauen.

Hee hath little to care for , that hath little to lose.

Villains by night into a Kytchin brake,
Supposiug brasse, and pewter thence to take.
The good-wife heard them, and her husband calls,
Telling him theeuës were breaking throgh the walls
And therefore to preuent them will'd him rise,
Quoth he (kind wife) I am not so vnwise.
To put my selfe in danger causelesse so,
The night is darke as any pitch you know,
And if they there can find out goods by night,
VVhen thou and I, see nothing by day light,
Ile say they coniure or doe vse some charme,
For there is nought to lose can doe vs harme
VVife let vs both laugh at them in our sleeues,
That with our empty kitchin we gull theeuës.





The Night-Rauen.

An English Canniball.

A Roreing boy, (of the late damned making)
Sat moneylesse, alone, *Tabacco* taking,
For he had thriu'd so well by candle-light,
He lost ten pound by eight a clocke at night,
So cursing dice and Fortune for this wrong
A sawcy Fidler offers him a song,
Ha, song quoth he? *Sirra wilt sell thy Boy?*
I haue an vse for such a kinde of toy.
Why sir (said he) what will you put him too?
Eate him (quoth he) that I intend to doe.
Sad melancholy makes my sences weary,
And that same boy shall make me inward merry,
The Fidler downe the stayres with all hast hies,
Quicke boy be gone (saies he) one of vs dies,
The diuell's in him sure, and he may fall,
To eate vs vp aliue, fiddles and all,
Some greedy plannet certainly doth strike-him,
He hath a hungry looke, I doe not like-him,
Yet for his dyet we are most vnmeet,
Because through feare, there's neither of vs sweet.

A





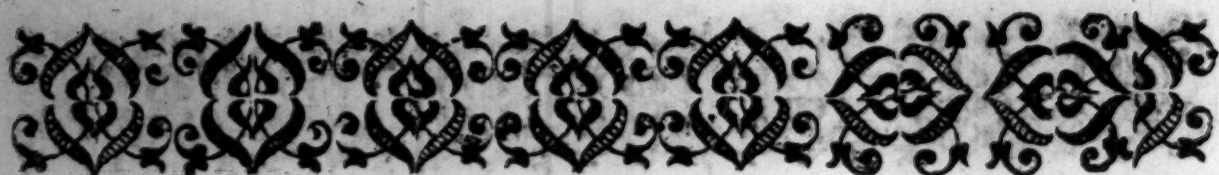
The Night-Rauen.

A Foole probatum.

A Graue Phisition, in the night at's booke,
(That did dame Nature's secrets ouer-looke,)
Found (amongst other things) this one worth hea-
That a long beard was but a foolish wearing, (ring
With that he tooke the candle and the glasse,
And went to see what size his owne beard was,
Which as he viewd, and did stroking handle,
-He set the same on fire, by the candle
Burning it sodainly vnto his chin,
Which had before downe to his middle bin,
Now doe I finde (quoth he) t'is a true note
That he which is long bearded (like a Gote)
Is but a foole, my selfe can this protest,
So set it downe in's booke *Probatum est.*

Teasting





The Night-Rauen.

Iesting turn'd to good earnest.

Gentlemen kindly in a Tauerne met,
And as they all to supper downe were set,
Came in a Iester, (vnto some there knowne,)
Who at the table boldly maketh one,
Where like an impudent audacious asse
He turnes his foolish idle scoffes to passe,
Not caring whom, nor how he did abuse:
But one amongst the rest, whom he did chuse
To play vpon, and in a vaine to run
Did quiet put vp all, till supper done,
Then rising, came and tooke him by the hand,
And said familiar sir, I vnderstand
The ripenesse of your wit to breake a iest
It seemes your braine is busily possess'd
To vtter all your humour doth allow,
And therefore for your boldnesse with me now,
Although I cannot breake a iest, I say,
Yet I can breake your pate, take that I pray.
Goe to the Barbers shop, and there reueale-it,
And Iest a plaister out of him to heale-it.

The





The Night-Rauen.

The Horne Plague.

INto a iealous passion one did fall,
And kept his bed, not being sick at all.
A friend of his did come to see him, and
The cause of his not being well demand.
Tell me (quoth he) wher doe you feele your paine?
In head or heart, where doth your griefe remaine?
What member is it that is ill affected,
That Phisick may the better be directed?
Truely (said he) of head I not complaine,
Nor doth my heart pertake of any paine.
Nor lights nor lungs, nor kidnes do torment,
But an *ill Liuer* is my discontent:
And none can help it better then my wife,
If she would seeke to mend her queanish life;
T'is this bad-*Liuer* doth the horne-plague breed,
Which day & night my Iealous thoughts doth feed.

D

The





The Night-Rauen.

The Tragedy of Smug the Smith.

A Smith for felony was apprehended,
And being condem'd for hauing so offended,
The townes-men, with a generall consent
Vnto the Iudge, with a petition went,
Affirming that no smith did neare them dwell,
And for his Art they could not spare him well,
For he was good at edge-toole, locke and key,
And for a Farrier, most rare man (quoth they.)
The discret Iudge, vnto the clownes reply'd,
How shall the Law be iustly satisfied?
A theefe that steales must dye therefore, that's flat.
Oh sir said they, we haue a tricke for that:
Two Weauers dwelling in our towne there are,
And one of them we very well can spare,
Let him be hang'd we very humbly craue,
Nay hang them both so we the Smith may haue,
The Iudge he smyled at their simple iest,
And said the Smith would serue the hang-man best.

of





The Night-Rauen.

Of two euills chuse the least.

A Scriuener (about nine a clocke at night)
Sat close in's shop, and earnestly did write,
The villany abroad suspecting not,
While two obseruing him, thus layd a plot,
Quoth one to t'other, snatch thou off his hat:
The which he did, and ran away with that:
The Scriuener in hast his shop forsakes,
And for to ouertake him vndertakes,
So while he follows him that runs away
The other rascall watching for his pray,
Enters the shop as bold as bold might be,
And takes his cloake and so away goes he.
Scriuener comes backe, bare headed as he went,
Missing his cloake was far worse discontent,
Quoth he what case am I brought in to night,
Of hat and cloake being vncafed quite?
I will not cry *Hamlet Reuenge* my greeues,
But I will call *Hang-man Reuenge* on theeues.





The Night-Rauen.

To the City and Suburbes.

THere's not a night I fly throughout the yeare,
Be it obscurely darke, or Moone light cleere,
But I behold abuses, things vnmeet,
By such as doe vntimely haunt the street.
I heare a knocking at your City gates,
By your good-fellowes, with their drunken pates :
I note the places of polluted sinne
Where your kind wenches and their bawds put in.
I know the houses where base cheaters vse,
And note what Gulls (to worke vpon) they chuse,
I take a notice what your youth are doing,
When you are fast a sleepe, how they are woiing
And steale together by some secret call,
Like *Piramus* and *Thisby* through the wall,
I see your prentises what pranks they play,
And thing you neuer dreame on can bewray,
But ile giue warning first, for reformation,
Which if it fayle then of another fashion
Ile tell a tayle, some will be loth to heare,
Therefore let these amend and ile forbear.

The





The Night-Rauen.

The coniuring of a Spirit.

A Seruing-man, his fellow did perswade,
To play the spirit and make a clowne afraid,
Thou knowst (quoth he) *Tom* of his manhood boasts
That he like butter-flies esteemes all Ghoasts,
Thou shalt at night vnder a stayre-case stand
Bound in a sheet, the dogs chaine in thy hand,
And as that way toward bed he doth prepare
Thou like a Ghoast, most brauely shalt him scare.
Content (quoth he) withall my heart agreed,
I am the man that will performe the deed.
Fitted at night, vnder the stayres he got,
The other he reueales the bug-beare plot,
Saying *Tom* take thou a cudgell, and rib roast him.
Let me alone (quoth *Tom*) I will be ghost him.
So comming to the place, the spirit groanes,
Tom with his cudgell, well bebafts his bones.
Hold, hold, (quoth he) for Gods loue, (I protest)
I am no diuell, but a spirit in iest,
Vntye the sheet, behold me by the light,
He kill the rogue, that made me play the spirit.





The Night-Rauen.

The Gallant, and his brother Begger.

A Stately gallant in his fashions brauing,
A begger followed, and almes went crauing
Good gentleman (quoth he) some succour grant,
To a poore man in misery and want.
Sirrah (said he) there is foure farthings take them,
Oh (quoth the begger) all men now forsake them,
Kind gentleman, afford to your poore brother,
Some siluer peece will passe from one t'another.
Brother (said he) how came that neereneffe in?
I pray which way are we become of kin?
Sir (quoth the begger) brothers we may call
Cause *Adam* was the father of vs all,
Sure brother begger, it is true (quoth he)
And this is all the hurt I wish to thee
All *Adams* sonnes aliue vnder the Sunne,
Would giue their brother but as I haue done,
Yet then I feare the Prouerb would proue right
A begger set on horse-backe nere would light.

A





The Night-Rauen.

A mad voyage for old Moones.

A Marchant lost by shipwracke all he had,
And therevpon he fell distracted mad,
But in the humors of his franticke fits,
He plotted matters did amaze good wits,
As to haue plowes to goe with canuas sayles,
And meate well boyld, and fod in wooden payles,
With many matters he did strange, proiect,
Whereof a number came to some effect,
But a rare voyage came at last in's head,
Should stand the commonwealth in wondrous stead.
Onely one trade he would vndoe thereby,
(The Chaundlers he did hate exceedingly)
And therefore (quoth he) to his friends, you know
That euery moneth there doth a new Moone grow,
And then the old giues place to that, you see,
Ile make a voyage, where the old ones be,
(You cannot be in th'Indies halfe so soone,)
Then will I sell to euery man a Moone,
And that shall giue him all his life time light
And thus ile begger all the Chaundlers quite.

Mistaking





The Night-Rauen.

Mistaking in the darke.

C*Haucer*, amongst his merry iests doth write,
Of one that went a woing in the night,
It being extreame darke, as darke might be,
Vnto the widdowes window commeth he,
And there intreats her fauour for a kisse,
And she affords him, such a one as t'is,
Opening the casement, to her clownish friend
She turnes out to his lips her lower end,
Which past away for currant in the darke,
A better man might so mistake the marke,
And like to him haue goe away with thanks.
Well this was one of *Chaucers* widdows pranks.
But we haue diuers night men now a daies,
That in the darke become such wilfull straies,
When they should goe vnto their wiues chaste bed,
Doe get vnto the maids, in mistris stead.
And so the auntient prouerbe doth allow,
That *Ioanes* as good, as is my lady now,
But he whose honest wife cannot suffice him
I wish the Surgeons tooles might circumsise him.

The





The Night-Rauen.

The Constable cannot doe it.

A Warrant to a Constable was sent,
Of speciall charge, disorder to preuent,
(Which was suspected from men ill inclind,)
All those he after ten a clocke did finde,
He should disarm of weapons they did beare,
Not suffering any one a dagger weare.
A humorous odd fellow heard the same,
And to the constable he serious came,
Sir (quoth he) hearing you haue ouersight
For to disarm all weaponed men by night,
I doe intreate you, for your office sake,
A rapire and a dagger you would take
From one that's armed, and a man I feare
A Broker, that my weapons now doth beare,
If Load-stone-like by you they could be drawne,
From, (*Day's broke,*) that hath them now in pawne,
My credit (sir) would be sharp set againe,
Which now lies desperate rusting in *Long-lane*.

E Mistris





The Night-Rauen.

Mistris Newfangle.

HOW am I plagued with a scuruy maid?
In all I doe command her, disobay'd,
To no good quallity she doth inclyne
But she's my husbands seruant none of mine,
It is his will to haue her in the house,
But if I find his Flea, or body Lowse,
Betweene my sheets, (as I doe shrewd suspect,)
Ile haue their itch killd in Bridewell direct.
Set her to starch a band, (I vow tis true)
She euer spoyles the same with too much blew.
Last night she seru'd me, a most roguish tricke,
Fell fast a sleep, and burnd my poking sticke,
Nay heard you of a verier queane then this,
She layd my Fan where rats and mice did pisse.
And calling hasty for my Maske and Fan,
She was at her Tabacco with our man,
And brought it to me smelling so of smoke,
That almost for to sound it did prouoke.
If that it had not fortun'd so well,
That I had on my perfum'd gloues to smell:
Pray speake, had you this vexer and abuser,
And were thus plagu'd as I, how would you vse her?

The





The Night-Rauen.

The valiant Butcher.

FOure theeves, that all the day had bin to take,
At night betweene themselves would euen make
Within a wood vnder a hedge on ground
They spred a cloake, and sat about it round,
And there their monyes equally deuide
Into foure parts, laying to each mans side
His share according to th' amounting sum,
Thus as they sat, a Butcher chaunc'd to come
A long the hedge, who sound of voyce did heare,
And prying softly through, saw money there,
Bouldly resolu'd to share it from them all:
Breakes through with his staffe and lowd did call,
Heere masters heere, the villains are we looke,
Come through quick, with that the theeves forsook
Money and cloake, and take themselves to run,
That they the daunger of their necks might shun,
Constrain'd by guilt and put to flight by feare.
As if a hundred armed men were there,
The Butcher tooke the money and the clooke,
And to himselfe in ioyfull manner spoke,
Heer's the best match, that I haue made of long
As speech is vs'd, *He pockett vpon him*





The Night-Rauen.

The Conclusion.

ALL you vsurpers of the nights darke houres,
(As though those times, were for abuses yours)
Drunke in the Tauerns, making Ale-house scores,
And in Tabacco shops, smoking like-Moores,
You that with Fox and Wolfe, by night doe pray,
For that must feed your theeuish throats next day,
You that are inmates to the diuells Inns, *Baudy*
Fild with corruption of the rotten finnes, *houses.*
You in a word, that are most vile, most base,
And liue like men that haue renounced grace,
When you doe act the diuells reuells thus
(More blacke of soules, then blackest Crow of vs)
If you but saw what vgly feinds of Hell,
Imbrace you, for your pleasing them so well,
And how about you numberles they swarme,
And with the Seauen deadly finnes doe charme
Your sinfull lusts, to draw you downe to Hell,
You would reforme your waies, with doing well,
Arming your selues against the diuell stronger,
And so be children of the night no longer.

FINIS.



